

Tennessee's Oldest
Preparatory School
Founded in 1806

The BELL RINGER

In the Bell Ringer
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Vol. 19, No. 3

Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, Tenn.

April 25, 1963

Glover, Smithson, Jackson, Sholars, Daniel, Nicholas Named National Merit Scholarship Finalists

Who is Tampering with the Soul of America?

The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club is the Y.M.C.A. in the high schools of America, a fellowship of boys committed to a Christian purpose. The purpose of the Hi-Y is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the home, school, and community standards of Christian character. The platform of the Hi-Y is Clean Speech, Clean Sportsmanship, Clean Scholarship, and Clean Living.

The Hi-Y Club attempts to develop personal integrity and self-discipline among its members. Another objective is to perform useful home, church, school, and community services. The Hi-Y tries to develop an active growing relationship and responsibility to the Christian church and to create a sense of personal worth based on Christian values and concepts. One of the great objectives of the Hi-Y is increased co-operation with other groups of young people in order to achieve worthwhile goals.

The main purpose of the Hi-Y is service. This club at M.B.A. this year, under the leadership of Jim Daniel and under the sponsorship of Park Gilmore, has tried to achieve this purpose. With Frank Smithson as vice-president; Ben Gambill, secretary; and Tommy Corcoran, chaplain, this year's Hi-Y has accomplished more than any other Hi-Y Club in M.B.A.'s history. The Hi-Y had charge of the concession stand at the Onion Bowl this fall when the Gray-Y League played its football games. Every Saturday for seven weeks the boys of M.B.A. Hi-Y sold refreshments at these games. From these weekly sales and from two dances sponsored by the Hi-Y, the club's treasury has been greatly enriched. At Christmas several Hi-Y Club members went to the Sunnyside Rest Home to help bring the Christmas spirit to the old people. The boys bought refreshments and sang Christmas carols to cheer the shut-ins at Yule-Time. The major undertaking this year is an Easter Egg Hunt. About forty children from the 61st Avenue Mission will be treated to an Easter Egg Hunt by the boys from the M.B.A. Hi-Y. The children, ranging in age from six to nine years, will be picked up by the Hi-Y members and taken to M.B.A. where they will be treated to this egg hunt, complete with the Easter Rabbit and prizes for the child who has found the most eggs.

Perhaps the old M.B.A. fight song, sung at so many athletic events (We're the boys . . .) is now growing obsolete. Maybe through the Hi-Y Club and its services to others, the M.B.A. boys are being taught to care for someone besides themselves.

Special Exercise Squad

(McGugin's Guerillas)

The value of this year's Special Exercise Squad may be shown by the timely comment of the late Mr. Bjornstjerne (Max) Bjornson, or someone who looked an awful lot (and that's pretty awful) like Mr. Bjornson, who said:

"For the lack of a horse, the battle was lost;

For the loss of a battle, the war was lost;

For the loss of the war, my shoes were lost,"

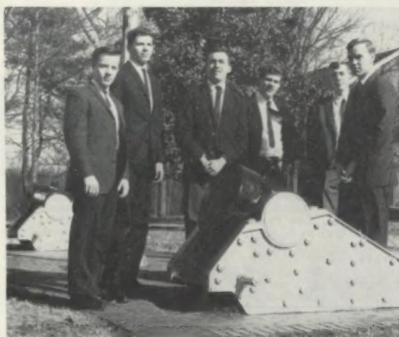
or something that sounded an awful lot like that.

On November 29, 1962, this year's Special "X" Squad was born. For approximately two and one-half months, it looked as though Mr. Scott (Hit-em-a-lick) Trundle might last the entire season but, after a group of people composed of six influential doctors, 157 influential students, and three mediocre fox terriers advised him to go away and get some rest, he . . . well, he went away and got some rest.

Mr. George (Just-call-me-George) McGugin took over the coaching reins after Mr. Trundle's departure. George has made many friends and several enemies.

The list of boys participating in this program reads like a list of "Who's Who?" in the annals of Montgomery Bell Academy social, academic, and athletic life. Such standouts as "Cruncher" Mescham, "Bring-on-the-women" Williams, "Pikes-Peak-or-Bust" Mulligan, and "Billy-the-Kidd" Bramham, also known as "I'm Dynamite" or "Let's-move-baby; I'm-Bill" Bramham, are but a few that participate. Because of the lack of sufficient space, the rest of the squad must remain anonymous. They may feel assured, however, that our hearts are with them. Every day, from 3:30 until twenty minutes of four, these valiant souls toil, receiving none of the plaudits to which the Basketball, Rifle, Wrestling, and Cut-the-Pie Teams are so accustomed.

Well, as the Corsicans say: "La lionne s'est élançée sur sa victime mais le vent s'élève pen à pen et le ne puis m'empêcher de rire." (That is to say: "The lioness leaped forth upon its victim but the wind is gradually rising and I cannot keep from laughing." There's not much I can add to that except my wholehearted thanks and commendations to McGugin's Guerillas. Thanks and . . . er . . . commendations.



The Constitution of the MBA Honor System

ARTICLE I.

Name: The name of the governing body shall be the Honor Council of MBA.

ARTICLE II.

Purpose and Scope: In 1945 the Honor System was adopted by the MBA Student Body for the purpose of promoting a strong sense of honor among the students and to discourage lying, cheating, and stealing. Cheating shall be construed to mean the giving or receiving of aid on tests, examinations, or other pledged work. The teacher shall definitely state to a class what outside work is to come under the pledge. The Honor System definitely does not cover matters of ordinary discipline such as breaking school rules and regulations.

ARTICLE III.

Membership: The Honor Council shall be composed of twelve members as follows: four from the senior class; three from the junior class; two from the sophomore class; two from the freshman class; and one from the junior school. Members of the council are to be elected at the end of the first month of the school year by the respective classes. They will serve for the rest of the school year and the first month of the following year. In case members of the council of the preceding year do not return to school, the headmaster will appoint students to fill vacancies for the first month. The council will elect a president, vice-president, and secretary. The president must be selected from the four senior members. The principal of the high school shall meet with the council as an advisory member but shall have no vote.

ARTICLE IV.

Duties of Honor Council: It shall be the duty of the Honor Council to receive reports of violation of the honor code, to try offenders, and to recommend to faculty suitable punishment. It shall promote and encourage activities which would aid the cause of honor. It shall meet upon call of the president.

ARTICLE V.

Quorum: Nine members shall constitute a quorum. A vote of three-fourths of the members present shall be necessary for a decision.

ARTICLE VI.

Pledge: Students must sign all pledged work as follows: "I have neither given nor received aid on this work."

ARTICLE VII.

Procedure in Reporting Offenses: If a student observes another student cheating he will warn him to quit; if the cheating is repeated, he will report the offender to any member of the Honor Council. The Council will question the accused and if it finds him guilty, will recommend punishment which may be anyone of the following: A reprimand, a letter home to the parents, a public announcement to the student body of the guilt of the accused, suspension, expulsion, or any other punishment deemed suitable by Honor Council. Ordinarily a student will not be suspended or expelled on his first offense but continued violation of the honor code will mean dismissal from school.

ARTICLE VIII.

Amendment: This constitution may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the student body.

Merit Scholarship Finalists

On February 16, six M.B.A. seniors were announced as Merit Scholarship Finalists for 1963. These seniors are Jim Daniel, Johnny Glover, Ronnie Jackson, David Nicholas, Bobby Sholars, and Frank Smithson. These boys were Merit Semifinalists and qualified as Finalists by their December College Board scores and their high school records. The Merit Corporation states that 95% of all Semifinalists qualify as Finalists. In the spring, the recipients of the Merit Scholarships will be announced.

The Service Club

The Service Club is a new organization at M.B.A. this year. The charter members of the Service Club are the boys who were members of the now disbanded Key Club. New members of the Service Club are chosen for their leadership, outstanding character, and scholastic ranking in the upper half of their class.

Mr. Gentry is the faculty sponsor for the Service Club, and Tommy Corcoran is the president. Jimmy Uden is the vice-president; Bobby Porter, the secretary; and Allen Lentz, the treasurer.

The purpose of the Service Club is to provide service to the school and to the community. Earlier this year, the Service Club sponsored a highly successful dance after a football game. The main function this winter has been the collection of admissions for the home basketball games. The Service Club also sponsored a drive in the school to collect canned goods for needy families. This drive was very successful and the contributions of canned goods enabled four needy families to have an enjoyable Christmas.

In the future, the Service Club plans to undertake several projects for the school. Plans include the painting of the furnace building outside Wallace Hall and cleaning and reorganizing the attic of the Bell Building.

The Service Club, being an exclusive organization, is naturally limited in membership. The members of the Service Club are proud that they are members; their willingness to aid the school in every way possible reflects this pride. The future of the Service Club is bright, mainly because of the high calibre of the members of the organization. Stressing leadership, outstanding character, and high scholastic ranking, the Service Club is a most valuable organization to the school.

The BELL RINGER

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The Forensic Club

"In order to promote skill in public speaking and reading, and to develop a more general interest in these accomplishments throughout the student body of this high school, this organization is established."

This reads the Preamble of the constitution of the Forensic Club of M.B.A. In these few words is formed the guiding purpose for the organization of the M.B.A. forensic club.

The Forensic Club, under the direction of Mrs. Campbell, was founded in 1950. At that time it was decided that the club would consist of juniors and seniors; however, membership has now been extended to include sophomores who have completed their freshman speech course.

The officers for 1962-63, elected at the last official meeting in April of last year are: president, Johnny Glover; vice-president, Riki Ricketson; secretary, Mike Mooty; and program chairman, Lee McKnight.

The forensic club sponsors many projects throughout the school year. Club members present assembly programs on Monday and Tuesday of each week. The Freshman-Sophomore, Junior-Senior declamation contests held each Fall are among the larger of the forensic club undertakings.

A banquet is held in December of each year with some outstanding citizens of the community as guest speakers. In years past such fine young men as George Cate Jr., State Senator Robert Taylor, and Senator Tom Shriver have spoken to us.

Members of the debate team, an activity of the Forensic Club, travel to Emory University in Atlanta each year, in order to compete with 54 other schools from

The Forensic Club in the spring will sponsor a forensic contest among other schools of the NIL. This is the first undertaking of this sort for the club.

It is obvious, therefore, that the forensic club is one of the most active organizations on campus. The fact that there are some 50 members this year indicates that the club is living up to its original purpose, to promote interest in forensic activities among M.B.A. students.

Lee McKnight

Junior School News

The results of the exams this year were very good, especially for Tommy Shanks, who got a 100 in math and a 99 in word wealth.

The Valentine Party which was held February 15 was a great hit. Kim (Elvis) Sellik sang at the party while playing his electric guitar. Miss Thompson and Jack Buchanan danced the night away. Mr. Carter gave prizes for the best conservative dancers, the best twisters, and the boy who danced with the most girls. Bev Kennon and date won the most conservative dancers, Weaver Barksdale and date won the twist contest, and Bob Locke danced with the most different girls.

The eighth grade superlatives are as follows:

Best dressed: Buddy Sanders

Most Athletic: Tommy Shanks

Most likely to grow up sometime:

Nelson Rice

Best track man: Tom Evans

Most intelligent: Get Serious

Best results on exams: Riley Car-

keek

Most likely to get fired from the

paper staff after this article:

Frank Gorrell and Dick Stelzer

The eighth grade will send five

players to the Spelldown program.

They are Jay Bowen, Dick Stelzer,

Buzz Beauchamp, Joe Dixon, and

Tommy Shanks.

—Frank Gorrell

and Dick Stelzer

Dear Readers,

Again we of the Freshman News

are here. M.B.A. now holds the

record for the only school to be

open during the week of January

23. The students took exams and

the students flunked the same ex-

ams. We members of the Fresh-

man Class would like to thank

Mr. Carter for keeping the student

body on schedule.

Some notable quotes from our

notable (?) classmate:

Bradley—"C'mon Coach Smith, I

have to go to rifle practice."

Mr. Pafford—"No Majors, don't

eat it!" Throw it away!"

Mr. Gilmore—"Oh, the eye, well

he was a big guy, well he was

about . . ."

Mr. Carter—"Hold it! my sleigh

is overparked."

Mr. Kirkpatrick—"No Pritchett, the malmsey butt not the balmsey butt."

The Freshman basketball team wound up the year with only three wins and numerous losses. It is not such a spectacular record but the players played the game well. Frosh standouts were David Hyatt, Jim Burge, Dent Shillinglaw, Mike Howard, Greer Cummings as well as the rest of the team. The team got over the shakes after the first of the year and came close to winning until the fourth quarter came around. The Frosh beat Cohn twice and succeeded in beating a powerful Franklin ball club. The main problem with the Little Red was that they had really no height. The tallest man on the team was only 5'7" and against boys who were six feet and taller this is not much in the way of controlling the boards.

On the other hand the Freshman wrestling team got to wrestle this year against some very able competitors of the so-called "B" team of the Freshman basketball team. Though thoroughly out-weighted by Sharp, the wrestlers used their numbers to overpower the giant. Coach Smith was ecstatic about handing out demerits. The wrestling team did have one bright spot; Winston Evans advanced to the varsity by breaking the first string wrestler's wrist and defeating the 116 lbs. class wrestler. Winston showed his superior skill by pinning his man in the meet against Father Ryan.

Exams are gone in the past never to be mentioned again, we hope. Grades are kept silent and the enthusiasm of the Freshman Class is at an all time low. Some of the Freshmen fared well while others happened to get below the 75 mark.

FLASHES—Appel passes Senior Math but flunks Freshman Algebra. Sharp is reported to be in fine shape after a run-in with the wrestlers.

Letters have been pouring in for more pictures of Bradley and the rifle team. Bradley admits that he was shot by his comrades.

Biology members try to inact the age old tradition of cutting down the cherry tree but the effort was curtailed by Mr. Pafford. Duncan swears that eating frog livers that have been in a poison are delicious. The fad is not catching on.

After much detailed thought, Davidson decides that since he cannot pass the work at M.B.A. he will join the Musicians' Union where he is promised a job.

This might be the last paper of the year because the Freshman News writers have decided, with the persuasion (\$) of, to join the paper strike in New York!

Bye now . . .

Sophomore Class News

BLOODY MURDER!! STUDENT HACKED TO PIECES WITH MEAT CLEAVER!!! (O h a a c h) ooh what a mess (Don't eat in cafeteria for at least a week.)

This sort of headline never fails to catch the notice of the public eye while reading the daily newspaper. As a result we the writers of the decadent column of sophomore news have now tried the same . . . and it works (you're reading this column aren't you?) And now on to the news(?)

Mr. Poston's first period English class set record with class average of 10! Pop tests have proven fatal.

And now we have a few . . .

Letters to the Editors

Dear Editor:

What can I do? My situation is desperate. I cannot find a girl anywhere. Please advise.

P. P.

Dear P. P.:

Get yourself a guitar and play

in a combo. It never fails.

Now, the sophomore class would

like to present a street question-

naire: The question of this month

is, "What is your opinion of nu-

merical trigonometry?"

Jay Brannum—"I don't know, but

I messed up homework yester-

day."

Round Paul Callis—"It's square."

Shull Morrison—"I'd tell you if

I wasn't such a punk."

Pat Patrick—"Ugh!"

Ed Anderson—"I agree with

Lee's conception of a triangle

(square)."

Chip Baker (by way of Paul Sex-

ton)—"I ! @&!"

Matt (the bat) Horner is produc-

ing a new T.V. series called

"Mr. Baker Goes to Washing-

ton" or "Chip Becomes a Page."

We wish to make a public serv-

ice announcement—The Saturns'

Combo is now The New Saturns

featuring Wynne Dixon on the

baritone sax and Peyton Hogue,

vocalist. This is quite an addi-

tion to the Nashville music scene,

which is the home of the Opry.

Several sophomores are plan-

ning spring vacations. Paul Cal-

lis is going to Florida with his

harem. Ed Anderson must get to

Fort Lauderdale in order to be

with guess who. Lee Noel prob-

ably will go to the Gold Coast.

T. Hogue and Shanks have

published their official motto—

"Has ac sic."

Pat Patrick, well-known gita-

rist and vocalist, has published

a Shakespearean sonnet, which

has wide acclaim (3 people).

We want to mention the severe

illness of Lee Noel, who is now

well. It was caused by fear of

Bill Bomer.

Fisher De Zevelos now has an

added attraction to his blonde

hair: Square-cut, horn-rimmed bi-

focus, which in his words are—

"Not 'peepers,' but 'creepers.'"

—Edgar Allan Pooh

Advertisements—Do You Want

to Lose Weight and Like It?

Advertisement

Do you want to lose weight fast,

fast, fast? Are you tired of un-

necessary blubber? Then see me,

Bill Harwell, today. I can guaran-

tee to get rid of those pounds in

nothing flat. If you want proof,

my first customer was Steve

Trautman!

Weight reducing with me will

get you set for a job: 95 out of

a hundred of my graduates become

senior in Grade-A cornfields

within 2 weeks. So see me and

slim down!

Noted Wrestler in Hospital

Bill Harwell, a noted M.B.A.

wrestler, was in the hospital to-

day. The attending physician told

us poor Bill was suffering from

acute malnutrition. "Why that

idiot never ate anything," said

the amazed doctor.

Word Game

This week's word is *Poston*, which means "teacher of English." The idea of the game is to think of as many synonyms for the word as possible. Answers to last issue's word: Meriwether—they were all censured, but we got some real lulus!

What's in a Name

Have you ever wondered about the names of people? Why they're the way they are? Well, it's because of an ancestor. Let's use a few examples:

To start off with an easy one—Bill Berry's long forgotten ancestor was obviously a grave-digger; hence, from bury to Berry.

One of Frederick Billings' ancestors was a deadbeat, because he never paid his bills.

A linguist in Jimmy Lowenthal's family gave all he had to the great hero Lowenth.

Mike Mooty comes from a long line of debaters; all pondering most points.

Willis Gablitz's folks must have been great talkers; thus the gab.

A ditch-digger in Webb and Bobby Harwell's past named Harstruck water; thus the Har well.

Doug Beauchamp's progenitors were boxers—and really beautiful champs!

Look at your own name; never can tell where you might have come from!

Senior Class News

For the first time in the history of M.B.A., everyone seems to be happy to return from spring vacation. Between kindly Mr. Asher's special brittle glass, his extraordinarily expensive and fragile kitchenware, and the greedy, unethical conduct of his guests, few of us have any money left . . . or wallets, or clothes, or pattern.

Brush and Stephens set something of a record in Auburn, Alabama.

Sumpt . . . Sumpt . . . Sumpt . . . Our erstwhile schoolmate Paul Frederick has returned. We suggest that you leave your phones off the hook until he departs.

Perhaps the readers have noticed that among the generally brilliant entries in this column there appears occasionally an item which seems to be the product of severe mental retardation. The only explanation that we can find is that these insertions are made somewhere between our hands and hands of the printer. So far, we have managed to narrow down the vicinity of the crime to the 1800 block of Lombardy.

We would like to commend Moose Edmonds for his singularly clever show of wit on his recent assembly program. To further cultivate his capacity for humor, we suggest that he join other wits of his calibre and wave to the 1800 block or Lombardy.

We regret that this column is so short, but we have to prepare a brief for a coming law suit. It seems that Dan Martin, creator of Fester & Carbuncle, has brought suit against us—not so much for plagiarism as for libel.

Among the humorous that was last in that page.

Dr. Sager—coldest head

Mr. Edmonds—most likely to get

his house razed next April.

An unusual mood of kindness

prompts us to make this issue of

the Senior Class News such a short

one.

VARSITY BASKETBALL

On the Friday night following exam week, an exhausted Big Red basketball team took the court in West's small and inadequate gym. Managing to get only one player in double figures, Ben Gambill with 22, the Maroons fell 55-46. In the next three games, the Big Red lost two games to Howard by three points each (47-44; 44-41) and one to Lipscomb by two (65-63). In each of these games, the team was led by lanky Lloyd McAdams, who managed 48 points in these games. The following two games saw the Maroons get two straight victories, one an easy 54-39 win over TPS and the other a hard-fought 32-30 win over Hume Fogg. This winning streak was the longest of the regular season games. On Friday, Feb. 15, an inspired Big Red team took on a tall sharpshooting East team which was seeking a share of the N.I.L. Championship. Playing a good game, the team was defeated because of unnecessary fouls and floor mistakes; as was the case against Lipscomb and Ryan in the following two games. As the regular season came to a close against Ryan, the Big Red showed much promise of pulling many upsets in the District and Regional tournaments.

In the District tournaments, the Big Red won its first game, defeating Cohn by a score of 49-39. MBA met Howard in the second game and was defeated.

Freshman Basketball

The Freshman basketball team began its season with a 45-31 loss at the hands of Ryan, after a comeback in the second half led by Jim Burge and David Hyatt. In the next game, at East, after scoring 3 points the first half, the Red Team could not conquer East and fell 48-21. At Hillsboro the Freshmen lost again, 46-25. On a trip to B.G.A., the Red received its worst defeat, 66-20 (one of our players tossed in 2 points for them). Then, at Franklin, the Freshmen lost a close one, 45-40, led by Jim Burge with 14 and David Hyatt with 10; Franklin scored 18 in the second quarter to our 6. The Red Team's first victory was at Cohn, when Mike Howard made 2 free throws with 5 seconds remaining. The Freshmen won the game 42-40 and showed a marvelous effort by coming from 6 points behind with 2 minutes left. In the first home game of the season, after 7 away, the Red lost to Ryan once again by a 45-22 margin. Then, once more at home, the Freshmen, led by Hyatt with 11, lost to B.G.A. in the final quarter, 33-28. Hillsboro defeated the Red Team, this time at home, by 46-30. The Freshmen then traveled to Bailey, where they lost in a close game 44-38; David Hyatt and Woody Husband had 10 apiece, but a player from Bailey tossed in 20. Traveling to Clarksville, the Freshmen, led by Hyatt with 12 and Husband with 11, lost another squeaker, to Greenwood, 40-36. Then, at home once more, the Red beat Franklin 33-27. David Hyatt had 18 points, the highest scored in one game by an M.B.A. freshman this year. M.B.A. beat Cohn again, this time at home, in another squeaker, 40-39. Hyatt tossed in 2 free throws to enable the Red to win; Burge got in 12 and Shillinglaw 10. East beat the Red Team by a score of 45-30; the game was decided in the final quarter. In the final game of the season, Greenwood of Clarksville trounced the Freshmen, 46-28.

High scorer for the season was David Hyatt with 120 points. Then came Burge with 85, Cummings with 55, Howard with 42, Husband with 40, and Shillinglaw with 31. The team was ably coached by Mr. Gilmore and managed by Alex Nicholson and David Eyler. The team began slowly but became much better toward the end of the season; their overall record was 3-12.

—Alex Nicholson

VARSITY



JUNIOR VARSITY



FRESHMAN



MICROBE



Basketball Profiles

Ben Gambill—5'11" Senior guard; Co-Captain; team's leading scorer with 241 points; a great shot and outstanding leader

Tom Scarborough—Senior guard changed to forward; Co-Captain; 10 point average; good jump shot Lloyd McAdams—Forward 6'3" Senior; 10 point average

Phil Husband—6'2" Junior Center; excellent rebounder; showed well in season games

Jim Daniel—5'11" Senior forward; good competitor; played well

Frank Bass—5'10" Junior guard; excellent driver; looked well in latter part season

Lee Noel—5'9" Sophomore guard; fine shot; extremely good ball handler, bright hope

Hunter Husband—5'10" Sophomore guard; aggressive player; good shot; also bright hope.

Junior Varsity News

The Junior Varsity did extremely well for the 1962-63 season, scoring 788 points to the opponents 710. With a 13 and 7 win-loss record, the team went into the 19th district B-team tournament seeded number 1. Besting Peabody 41-34 and Hume Fogg 46-37, MBA met Ryan in the finals. Ryan's defense was too strong for the Red as shown by the 44-22 defeat MBA received.

Many things happened during the regular season. The JV lost guards Hunter Husband and Lee Noel and forward Bob Ligon to the varsity and obtained guard Jimmy Lowenthal. These changes occurred the week of exams before the West game. Shull Morrison and Rhea Sumpter left because of scholastic work. John Fort left to enter the work of wrestling. A newcomer to the school, Roger DiSilvestro, joined the everchanging JV for the game with Lipscomb.

Guard Pat Woods was the high scorer for the entire season, closely followed by center Ed Anderson. Pat went into the tournament with 118 points, scored 38 points in three games, and wound up the season with 156 points. Pat also set high scoring marks in two games. In the second game with West Pat scored 24 points and later, in the tournament game with Hume Fogg, scored 25.

With the loss of Husband, Noel, and Ligon and Sumpter the first string was changed. This team consisted of high scoring guard Pat Woods, hustling guard Andy Harris, constant center Ed Anderson, forwards Tom Weaver and Joel Parrish. Composing the rest of the team was Bill Gony, Tom Baily, John Shapiro, Paul Wells, Jimmy Lowenthal, Norman Carl, Bill Olson, and Roger DiSilvestro.

The JV started the season with a 36 to 18 win over Cohn. Then, having lost to Ryan 43-31 and to West 53-33, MBA came back to overwhelm BGA 50-43. With wins over TPS (47-29), Peabody (43-23), North (44-21), Peabody again (25-22), Cohn (32-29), and Hillsboro (44-32), Franklin sneaked past the JV with a 35-33 win and the following Monday Clarksville outscored MBA 51-43. For the last game before exams the Red knocked off BGA 53-41.

For the first game after the exams MBA met and lost to West, 59-48, having lost Noel, Husband and Ligon. MBA came back with wins over Howard (33-29), Lipscomb (32-30), Howard again (41-36), TPS (48-29) and finished the season with defeats from Hume Fogg (47-44) and East (40-27).

John Shapiro

In Next

Issue—

Baseball, Tennis, and Track
Season Summary

PERSONALITIES



It is indeed an honor to announce that Mr. Robert Gentry has been named as Teacher of the Month. Mr. Gentry came to M.B.A. last year from Sewanee Military Academy where for six years he taught mathematics, coached football, and was Director of Admissions. He also taught at Franklin High School where he taught mathematics, and coached football, basketball, and baseball.

Mr. Gentry has always lived in Middle Tennessee. He attended Battle Ground Academy and Peabody College. A firm believer in clean country living, he lives on his twenty acre farm with his wife and two children. He raises angus cattle.

Since he has come to M.B.A., Mr. Gentry has taught every high school math course. He coaches varsity football, and he works with the freshman intramural basketball team. He is also the faculty advisor of the Service Club. It is thus a pleasure to have Mr. Gentry as Teacher of the Month.

Bob King



The BELL RINGER is proud to present John Stephens as personality of the Month. John came to M.B.A. in his eighth grade year from Burton School. He quickly distinguished himself in athletics by playing football and basketball.

In John's freshman year he played football as well as basketball and ran varsity track; he was voted the outstanding freshman.

In his sophomore year John was elected class president and became a member of the Key Club. Again he distinguished himself in the field of athletics by playing varsity football, J.V. basketball, and varsity track.

In John's junior year he was elected to the Honor Council and again ran track and played football on the varsity squad.

This year John is a senior and is participating in athletics. He played varsity football and will run track. John was elected to Totomol, the highest attainable honor at M.B.A. and joined the Hi-Y Club this year. Also this year John was elected vice-president of the senior class. It is with great pride that we select John Stephens, scholar and athlete, as personality of the month.

Beeler Brush

M.B.A. TENNIS TEAM

This year's tennis team, having last year, by a brain David Lipscomb team, been thrown off the N.I.L. tennis pedestal for the first time in 17 years, is back again but this time favored to regain the title.

A transfer and an ineptibility weakened this year's squad, but Lipscomb's team suffered severe graduation losses and there appears no immediate threat to an M.B.A. renewal of supremacy.

Steady Frank Bass leads this year's pack but Johnny Glover, Johnny Reed, Greer Cummings, Dent Shillinglaw, Buzz Beauchamp, Don Crichton, and Steve Trautman will all be contesting for the following ranks.

This year's team, as has been the case for almost twenty years, will be coached by Mr. James C. Rule, known widely for both his tennis knowledge and his off-court witticisms.

Last year, although beaten in the N.I.L., the Big Red still managed to tie for the TSSAA championship.

Furthermore, all members of this year's team performed well in the local tournaments last summer, a feat which gives all the more reason to expect a fine year for the M.B.A. tennis team.

Johnny Reed



The BELL RINGER staff of 1962-1963 is proud to announce that Miss Ann Guepe has been chosen as personality of the month.

On her graduation from Overbrook School, Ann entered St. Cecilia Academy. Her freshman year saw her as attendant to the Mardi Gras Queen. She was vice-president of her sophomore class and is now the secretary of the senior class. Ann works as a typist and as a sports writer for "The Ceciliaan." She has served as a member of the student council for two years and is a member of the Spanish Club.

Ann likes not only to watch sports but also to participate in all school athletics. For the past four years she has been an outstanding member of the varsity basketball, volleyball, and tennis teams at St. Cecilia. In her sophomore year she was the captain of the tennis team.

Ann is a member of St. Henry's Catholic Youth Organization and is treasurer of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary at St. Cecilia.

Upon entering high school, Ann joined the S.A.P. Sorority. She plays an important role in the functions of the sorority as Panhellenic Representative.

For the past four years Ann has served at the M.B.A. Spaghetti Supper, and she was elected attendant to the Homecoming Queen this year. It is with great pride that we select Ann Guepe—personality of the month.



The staff of the BELL RINGER is proud to announce the selection of Tommy Corcoran as a Personality of the Month.

While Tommy has been at M.B.A., he has proven himself to be an outstanding leader. He is president of the Service Club in which he has held membership for two years. Moreover, he is a member of Totomol, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a boy at M.B.A. Also he is a member of the Hi-Y Club. During both his Junior and Senior years, he has held membership on the Honor Council.

Tommy has also been an outstanding athlete at M.B.A. He has played end on the football team for two seasons. He also played end on the freshman and J.V. teams. He has also been a wrestler for three seasons on the M.B.A. wrestling squad. This spring will mark the third in which Tommy has participated in the high jump for the M.B.A. track team.

Active also in outside activities, Tommy is vice-president of Kappa-Phi Fraternity and is president of the Panhellenic Council. He is a member of Christ the King Church. Besides all of these extra-curricular activities, Tommy has proven himself a good student, by placing in the top half of his class. Tommy hopes either to go to Washington and Lee or to enter Vanderbilt.

He has held several summer jobs. One of the more interesting of these was that of placing tax stamps on cigarette packages.

The BELL RINGER and the entire student body wish to salute Tommy Corcoran as an outstanding young man and as our Personality of the Month.

Dan Eadie



The BELL RINGER is pleased to announce the selection of Frank Smithson as a Personality of the Month. Since coming to M.B.A. in the eighth grade from Stokes School, Frank has been recognized as one of the wittiest and most intelligent boys on the Hill.

Frank was elected Vice-President of the Freshman Class, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Sophomore Class. As a Junior, Frank was the Secretary of his class and is now the Secretary of the Senior Class.

In addition to his outstanding participation in student government, Frank has been very active in the various school organizations. He has been a member of the Hi-Y Club since joining as a sophomore and this year is the Vice-President of that club. Frank is a member of the Glee Club and of the Junior and Senior Honor Societies. He has been on the BELL RINGER staff since his sophomore year and this year is the editor of The Bell. Recently Frank qualified as a Merit Scholarship Finalist and was elected to membership in Totomol.

Frank has also been very active in athletics. He was a member of the freshman football and basketball teams and as a freshman was on the J.V. basketball squad. In his sophomore year, Frank participated in J.V. football and basketball, and as a Senior Frank has been a member of the Varsity football and wrestling teams.

Frank is a member of the West End Methodist Church and the Alpha Chi fraternity. His outstanding intelligence, his numerous contributions to the school, and his tremendous sense of humor make Frank one of the most popular boys in M.B.A.

Allen Lentz

Senior Honor Society



Wrestling

The matmen are continuing to show improvement since their second beating at the hands of Battle Ground. They were beaten badly by the School for the Blind just after their return from Christmas vacation. The only two to win for the "Big Red" were Frederic Billings and Jim Ezell, both by decisions. Paul Sloan, the captain, obtained a draw. The score of this match left MBA with 8 points and the TSB with the remainder. As the season progressed the team took a trip to Sewanee and wrestled both Saint Andrews and SMA. The score of this St. Andrews match was 29-22 in favor of St. Andrews. The score at SMA was 23-20, also in favor of the opponent.

MBA, nearing the end of the season, had not won a match. On the 15th of February St. Andrews wrestling team showed up unexpectedly and were not able to wrestle because of a basketball game. However, the next morning, the much improved wrestlers, under the able but terribly unorganized coaching of Holt Smith, beat the cocky BGA squad 25-23. The results were:

- 95 lb.—D. Elam obtained a decision
- 103 lb.—Harwell was pinned
- 112 lb.—Carlisle obtained a decision
- 120 lb.—R. Elam obtained a decision
- 127 lb.—Wells was pinned
- 133 lb.—Ezell obtained a decision
- 138 lb.—Orman was pinned
- 146 lb.—Sloan obtained a decision
- 154 lb.—Billings pinned his man
- 160 lb.—Thompson pinned his man
- 168 lb.—Evans was pinned
- Heavy—Morehead lost by a decision

Under the Stands

Many complaints have been flowing in over the past few weeks concerning the vicious article written about Steve Trautman. We would simply like to remind our avid readers that the cuts in the column are written entirely in jest. No harm was intended for our popular and personable Steve "Star." Nevertheless, it is to be said that if Zeke continues his massive body-building, weight-gaining program, the Dominion Toothpick Company will no longer use Steve as the model for their '63 styles.

Our congratulations go out this issue to Billy Gourley, who played almost three minutes in a basketball game and did not faint or cry even once; to Lloyd MacAdams who held his man scoreless until the opening tip-off; and to Jim Daniel, who fouled out of a basketball game with less than two minutes left in the 2nd quarter.

Also in line for recognition is our beloved Frank Smithson. Frank, now known as one of MBA's more studious and hard-working students, has taken a vital interest in sports; Frank, one of MBA's up and coming young wrestlers, has almost won several matches in inter-squad meets against such mat-titans as Duke Elam and Bill Fanning. Now Frank is agitating for a swimming team at MBA.

Requiem for a Heavyweight—

He who laughs last does not always laugh last!!

Ah Cruelty!

In an endeavor to secure the attention of a recent assembly program, Mr. Tony Edmonds, noted historian and jovial, popular member of the M.B.A. faculty, perpetrated an innocuous hoax upon the student body. It seems that Mr. Edmonds, always fertile of imagination, announced a holiday, only to confess, after the members of the student body had pummelled one another about and broken several desks in their glee, that he was only "April fooling."

A white Olds was devastated, only one tire surviving. A tree on campus began to sprout strange and exotic foliage. Seniors were to be seen chortling to themselves. Even Dr. Sager and Mr. Rule exchanged guffaws.

As so often happens, an innocent bystander was made to suffer. Beeler Brush, who had no part in the crime, was made to reconstruct the car, while Mr. Edmonds threatened with a cat 'o nine-tails. Mr. Edmonds's despolism has resulted in a gross miscarriage of justice. Retribution, anyone?

Frank Smithson

APRIL FOOL!!



The Establishment of Montgomery Bell Academy

Montgomery Bell Academy was originally started in 1806 as the preparatory department of the old University of Nashville. The school started under the conduct of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, and today its operation by a board still operating under the title of the "Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville."

In 1855 the Western Military Institute was merged with the preparatory school which continued to operate as a department of the University of Nashville. The school continued under this direction until the opening of the Civil War, and for the six years from 1861 through 1866 its activities were dominant. However, in 1867 the Board of Trustees met and decided to accept the legacy of the Honorable Montgomery Bell, a Nashville industrialist and banker, who in 1852 left a trust fund for the education of worthy boys. This trust fund provided for the education of twenty-five worthy boys free of charge, and also stipulated that the school to be established for this purpose must be called "Montgomery Bell Academy." The Trustees of the University of Nashville accepted his legacy and established Montgomery Bell Academy as a separate school and department of the University of Nashville. From September, 1867, to date, the school has been operated as provided in the will of the Honorable Montgomery Bell, and under the direction of the said Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville.



REFLECTIONS OF A TEACHER

Why does one decide to teach? The old cliché suggests that brick layers receive a greater financial reward for their efforts. Certainly money is not the motivation. Perhaps the teacher relishes the personal power. After all, a conglomeration of little people must jump at every lash of his verbal whip. And yet, a business executive, an army officer, the foreman on a work gang—all exert more ego-satisfying power influence. Not money, not power; then what? "Teaching is a lazy man's profession," I was once told. As I glance over at my stack of ungraded English themes and Latin tests and assignments to prepare, I see the fallacy in this line of argument. Teaching is no softly sloping ski slope that one can slide leisurely down.

As I watch the smoke from that last cigarette curl lazily around the lamp; as I listen to the sounds of the spring night from my window, I must ponder. What does teaching give? What does it receive?

The teacher, I have read, is a catalyst. He must be that transforming agent, that bridge between brute knowledge and the student's understanding. He must also be an example, moral and intellectual—a chord of perfect pitch by which the student tunes the chords of his own fibre. Ideally, the teacher as the virtue of a saint, and none of the sins of a demon. Above all, the teacher must have a desire, a desire to get outside of himself, to communicate to others, to help, to help the mind of youth grasp haltingly and hopefully toward that great god of education, Intellectual Maturity.

Yet who can reach, ever, this lofty peak of teacherdom. We are human, and being human, we are imperfect, neither saint nor demon but a bit of both. We can not get completely out of ourselves because, being human, we are so wrapped up in ourselves. In short, no man can be the perfect teacher.

Then, we are back where we began. Why try? Why make the attempt? There is an ancient myth relevant to this question. So the story goes, there was once a man, Sisyphus by name, whose task it was to roll a stone of enormous size up a steep hill. Sisyphus would manage to push the rock almost to the top on each attempt, but each time the rock would tumble down to the base of the hill as Sisyphus watched helplessly. Yet he did not give up. He would continue to try to push the rock to the top; it would continue to roll to the bottom. Sisyphus, moreover, knew that he would never attain his goal, his perfection. And yet he joyfully continued to try.

We who teach cannot push our stones to the top of the educational hill; we cannot be saints; we cannot encompass all knowledge nor communicate all knowledge. But we can try.

The answer to the question lies in the very nobility of the attempt. All teachers contain to some degree a love of knowledge

and a desire to communicate that love and a portion of that knowledge. The teacher knows he will be an eternal failure, that he will never succeed in any total sense. But he knows he must try.

One teaches then because of his love for knowledge and his desire to communicate, to help. In order to make his attempt, he needs three things: a degree of knowledge, imperfect though it may be; an ability to communicate, imperfect as it may be; and receptors, students, imperfect as they must be.

One gains his knowledge as he plods through the giant educational machinery—from grammar school through college or graduate school. Here the technical educational machine grinds to a halt. Has one thus reached his knowledge capacity once finished with all the required courses? Let us hope not. Knowledge, like God, is infinite; and the human mind must continually stretch toward this infinity. One sees so many examples of the expansiveness of knowledge these days. In the fields of technology, science, medicine, politics, change has become the rule; and the teacher, if he is to make his attempt, must keep abreast of these changes.

If knowledge is the prime requisite of the teaching attempt, then method is a necessary corollary. Communication of knowledge is necessarily a trial by error process. A teacher might be subjected to an infinity of technical "education" courses designed to aid him in his communication; yet his own method of communication, like his extent of knowledge, must be imperfect. No absolute method of communication exists. The individual teacher must be flexible, adopting his desire to communicate to the course of study, the type, of student, the time of day, the climatic conditions, etc., etc.

As the final item in the make-up of the teaching process is the student. Obviously, one could not teach without the receptors of the communicated knowledge. But what type of student is necessary to the teaching process? The student should first of all realize that teachers are human beings, capable of errors. As we have suggested, no teacher can attain perfection. The student must not expect miracles, intellectual or moral from his instructor. Moreover, the student should try to enter into his role with hope and with excitement. He should look at knowledge with a sense of expectation. The learning process can be a rewarding experience. Furthermore, it is the duty of the teacher to help to lead the student toward knowledge, to make the learning process an exciting one.

Knowledge, communication, students—these are the essential elements of teaching. In all its imperfection, teaching attempts to bring the student to knowledge through communication. This is what teaching attempts to give. But what does the teacher receive for his often futile efforts? The financial reward is slight, the harassments are many. Where can the teacher find his satisfaction. As we have suggested the teacher cannot bask in his perfection, for his job is necessarily colored by a sense of futility. But he can take heart in his approach to perfection. If the teacher can aid in moving the mind of the student an inch, he has succeeded. Success is limited, but there is an occasional success. This success in the occupation of helping others is the only justification, the only real reward.

In the next issue of

The Bell Ringer

Poems by

RICHARD WORDEN

"Poet Laureate of M.B.A."



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Who is Tampering with the Soul of America?

Jenkin Lloyd Jones 50, is Editor of The Tulsa, Oklahoma, Tribune, a position he has held since he was 30.

He was born in Madison, Wisconsin. His father, Richard Lloyd Jones, was Editor and owner of The Wisconsin State Journal, and sold the paper to the Lee Group, present owners in 1917.

Jenkins was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1933. Except for time out in World War II, when he served as a navy communications officer, taking part in the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns aboard the USS Makasser Strait, he has been on the news and editorial staff of The Tulsa Tribune.

He has earned a reputation as a skilled reporter and an informed and clear-voiced editor. The influence of his editorial page extends far beyond the borders of his home city.

Jones is a grandson and namesake of the well-known Unitarian clergyman who helped organize Henry Ford's World War I Peace Ship. He is a nephew of the late Frank Lloyd Wright.

THIS, ladies and gentlemen, is to be a jeremiad.

I am about to inflict upon you an unrelieved, copper-bottomed, six-ply, all wood, 25-minute howl of calamity about the present moral climate of America. And I am going to talk about our responsibilities therefor as the temporary custodians of America's press.

You may dismiss such fogeyism with a tolerant laugh. But the pathway of history is littered with the bones of dead states and fallen empires. Most of them rotted out before they were overwhelmed. And they were not, in most cases, promptly replaced by something better.

Nearly 1,000 years elapsed between the fall of Western Rome and the rise of the Renaissance, and in between we had the Dark Ages in which nearly all of man's institutions were inferior to those which had gone before. I don't want my children's children to pass through a couple of centuries of dialectic materialism before the sun comes up again.

IT IS sad to watch the beginnings of decay. It was sad to see an age of Pericles replaced by the drunken riots of Alcibiades. There was, indeed, just cause for gloom when the Roman mobs, flabby with free bread and bemused by free circuses, cheered for the unspeakable Nero and the crazy Caligula.

Alaric's Goths finally poured over the walls of Rome. But it was not that the walls were low. It was that Rome, itself, was low. The sensual life of Pompeii, the orgies on Lake Trasimene, the gradually weakened fibre of a once

self-disciplined people—all these brought Rome down. She went down too early. She had much to teach the world.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I look upon our own country and much that I see disturbs me. But we are a great people. We have a noble tradition. We have much to teach the world, and if America should go down soon it would be too early.

One thing is certain. We shall be given no centuries for a leisurely and comfortable decay. We have an enemy now—terrorists, crude, brutal and cocky. However much the leaders of the Communist conspiracy may lie to their subjects about our motives, about our conditions of prosperity, our policies and aims, one thing they believe themselves implicitly—and that is that we are in an advanced state of moral decline.

It is a dogma of current Communist faith that America is Sodom and Gomorrah, ready for the kill.

DO YOU know what scares me about the Communists?

It's not their political system, which is primitive and savage. It's not their economic system which works so badly that progress in a few directions is purchased at the price of progress in all the rest. It is their puritanism.

It does no good to comfort ourselves with the reflection that these are the products of endless brain-washings, of incessant propaganda, of deprivation by censorship and jamming of counter-information and contrary arguments. The confidence that they are morally superior is there.

You can't get very far into Russia before the naive questions of your Intourist guide reveal that she thinks she is talking to a soft sop who is ripe for the tumbrill and the guillotine. In the schoolyard the children rush up to show you, not their yoyos, but their scholarship medals. And when you offer them new Lincoln pennies as souvenirs they rip off their little Young Pioneer buttons and hand them to you, proud that they are not taking gifts, but are making a fair exchange.

The Russian stage is as austere as the Victorian stage. Russian literature may be corny, but it's clean, and it glorifies the Russian people and exudes optimism and promise. Russian art is stiffly representational, but the paintings and the sculpture strive to depict beauty and heroism—Russian beauty, of course, and Russian heroism.

AND what of us?

Well, ladies and gentlemen, let's take them one at a time:

WE ARE now at the end of the third decade of the national insanity known as "progressive education." This is the education where everybody passes, where the report cards are non-committal lest the failure be faced with the fact of his failure, where all move at a snail pace like a trans-Atlantic convoy so that the slowest need not be left behind, and all proceed toward adulthood in the lockstep of "togetherness."

With what results? At an age when European kids are studying the human capillary system and discussing the binomial theorem

our youngsters are raising pollywogs on the classroom windowsill and pretending to keep store. This is what is known as "learning by doing." We have produced tens of thousands of high school graduates who move their lips as they read and cannot write a coherent paragraph. While our Russian contemporaries, who were supposed to be dedicated to the mass man, have been busy constructing an elite we have been engaged in the wholesale production of mediocrity. What a switch!

I WISH you could have read all the letters I have received in the past few months from disgusted teachers who have tried to reintroduce principles of hard work and integrity in their classrooms over the opposition of the school hierarchies. It is high time that these Ph.D.'d pooch-bahs of John Deweyism stepped forward and permitted themselves to be graded. But no.

You recall that last fall the school board of the little township of Twin Lakes, Wisconsin, dissatisfied with modern primers, announced that it was introducing reprints of 80-year-old McGuffey Readers. Maybe it was making a bad mistake. Maybe the new books and new teaching methods are far superior. Here was a fine chance to find out.

But did the Wisconsin State Board of Education offer a sporting challenge—a one-year test, for example, to see which was the better approach, theirs or McGuffey's? Not a bit of it. The State Board merely moved to deprive Twin Lakes of state aid, to the thunderous applause, I'm sorry to say, of the so-called "liberals."

When was the last time you, as editors, examined the curricula of your local schools? Are your students given the standardized Iowa and Stanford tests, and, if so, how did your schools rank compared to the national average? Do your kids bring home meaningful report cards, or are parents just getting a lot of gobbledegook about adjustments and attitudes? When was the last time you asked to look at any senior English themes? When have you given a fine picture spread to your town's best scholars?

HAVING generally neglected disciplines in education it was quite logical that we Americans should neglect disciplines in art. The great painters and sculptors of the past studied anatomy so diligently that many of them snatched bodies. And today, after many centuries, we stare at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel or at the walls of the Reichsmuseum and marvel at their works.

But this self-discipline is of little concern to the modern non-objective painter. All he needs is pigment and press agent. He can stick bits of glass, old rags and quids of used chewing tobacco on a board and he is a social critic. He can drive a car back and forth in pools of paint and Life magazine will write him up.

Talent is for squares. What you need is vast effrontery. This is the kind of art that a painter with no ability can paint, and a teacher with no ability can teach. No wonder it's popular at the factory end. But the tiny minority of youngsters who might have the spark of a Titian or a Rembrandt within them stay unencouraged and unrecognized. And our museums are filled with splashes, cubes and blobs being stared at by confused citizens who haven't the guts to admit they are confused.

BUT fakery in art is a light cross we bear. Much more serious is our collapse of moral standards and the blunting of our capacity for righteous indignation.

Our Puritan ancestors were preoccupied with sin. They were too preoccupied with it. They were hag-ridden and guilt-ridden and theirs was a repressed and neurotic society. But they had horsepower.

They wrested livings from the rocky land, built our earliest colleges, started our literature, caused our industrial revolution, and found time in between to fight the Indians, the French and the British, to bawl for abolition, woman suffrage and prison reform, and to experiment with graham crackers and bloomers. They were a tremendous people.

And for all their exaggerated attention to sin, their philosophy rested on a great granite rock. Man was the master of his soul. You didn't have to be bad. You could and should be better. And if you wanted to escape the eternal fires, you'd damned well better be.

IN RECENT years all this has changed in America. We have decided that sin is largely imaginary. We are bemused with behaviorist psychology which holds that abstract things like insight, will and spirit are figments of the imagination. Man, says the behaviorist, is either a product of a happy combination of genes and chromosomes or an unhappy combination. He moves in an environment that will tend to make him good or that will tend to make him evil. He is just a chip tossed helplessly by forces beyond his control, and therefore not responsible.

Well, the theory that misbehavior can be cured by pulling down tenements and creating in their places elaborate public housing is not holding water. The crime rate continues to rise along with our outlays for social services.

We are far gone in fancy euphemy. There are no lazy bums any more—only "deprived persons." It is impolite to speak of thugs. They are "underprivileged." Yet the swaggering, duck-tailed young men who boldly flaunt their gang symbols on their motorcycle jackets are far more

blessed in creature comforts, opportunities for advancement, and freedom from drudgery than 90 per cent of the children of the world. We have sown the dragon's teeth of pseudo-scientific sentimentality, and out of the ground has sprung the legion bearing switch-blade knives and bicycle chains.

Clearly something is missing, could it be what the rest of the world's children have been given—the doctrine of individual responsibility?

I don't know how long America can stand this erosion of principle. But if we wish to survive maybe we had better do something about the elaborate pretense that there is no difference between the genuinely-unfortunate and the mobs of relievers who gather to throw bottles every time the cops try to make a legitimate arrest. The welfare state that taxes away the rewards for responsible behavior so that it can remove the age-old penalties for irresponsible behavior in building on a foundation of jelly.

IN A SPEECH a couple of months ago in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, asked the plaintive question: "Why, despite our unceasing efforts, does the film industry fall at times to have public condone?"

Then he suggested an answer. The movie people apologize too much, he said. They should take pride in the fact that they have amended their production code. (Mr. Johnston apparently uses the term "amended" when he means a general tooth extraction.)

BUT PERHAPS the most intriguing part of Mr. Johnston's speech dealt with newspaper movie ads. It is ridiculous, he said, for parents to complain about bad influence by movies upon their children when all parents have to do is look closely at the ads.

"I have yet to run across a movie ad so subtle," said Mr. Johnston, "that a concerned parent would not know whether the film was suitable for his child."

Well, here is a semantical pole-vault that ought to set a world's record. For the suggestive, half-dressed figures locked in passionate embrace that have been decorating the theatre ads in our great moral dailies are now revealed as a public service, generously paid for by the movie moguls so that parents can be warned!

Last year our advertising manager and I got so tired of Hollywood's horrid art that we decided to throw out the worst and set up some standards. We thought that this belated ukase of ours might cause some interruption in advertising some shows. But no. Within a couple of hours the exhibitors were down with much milder ads. How was this miracle accomplished?

It seems that exhibitors are supplied with several different ads for each movie. If the publishers are dumb enough to accept the most suggestive ones those are what they get. But, if publishers squawk, the cleaner ads are sent down. Isn't it time we all squawked?

I think it's time we gentlemen of the press quit giving Page 1 play to Liz and Eddie. I think it's time we asked our Broadway and Hollywood columnists if they can't find something decent and inspiring going on along their beats.

AND there's our literature. I presume we all have our invitations to become charter subscribers of Eros, the new quarterly magazine of erotica at \$10 a copy. I got three invitations, so either the Addressograph was stuck or I'm considered a hot prospect.

Anyway, the publisher, Ralph Ginsburg, says this, and I quote: "Eros has been born as a result of the recent series of court decisions that have realistically interpreted America's obscenity laws and that have given to this country a new breadth of freedom of expression."

Isn't it splendid that Mr. Ginsburg stands with the frozen ghosts

of Valley Forge as a fearless defender of his country's freedom? Ten dollars, please!

THE fast buck boys have succeeded in convincing our bemuddled judges that there is no difference between a peep show and a moral lecture. The old eyepoppers which tourists used to smuggle back from Paris under their dirty shirts are now clothed in judicial blessing. A Chicago judge has recently issued a blanket injunction against any one who might try to prevent the sale of Tropic of Cancer to children. Lady Chatterley's Lover and Ulysses are on the paperback shelves right next to the comic books. They can close the bookstalls on the Seine. It's all over at your corner drugstore where the kids hang out.

Don Maxwell of The Chicago Tribune last year asked his book department to quit advertising sociological literature by including it in the list of best sellers. The critics and the book publishers have denounced him for tampering with the facts. I would like to raise a somewhat larger question:

WHO is tampering with the soul of America?

For nations do have souls. They have collective personalities. People who think well of themselves collectively exhibit cleanliness and enthusiasm and morale. Where they low-rate themselves as individuals they will not long remain the citizens of great nations.

Dr. Celia Deschin, specialist in medical sociology at Adelphi college, in a recent article in The Week magazine, says it's time for a new kind of Kinsey Report. She asserts that the late Doctor Kinsey produced a report that was heavily loaded by exhibitionists and that did immense damage to America by peddling the impression that sexual self-discipline neither exists in this country nor is it desirable.

Generally, she says, those parents who are afraid to lay down the law have the most miserable children. Children, she points out, want honest direction and a set of sensible rules to live by. Where these are denied to them on the fantastic theory that it's no longer scientific to say no, the kids often develop subconscious anxiety. Much juvenile delinquency springs from a deep hunger for rules. It is a masochistic effort to seek punishment. The child, says Doctor Deschin, abhors a world where everything goes.

Or, as my tough-minded old grandmother put it, "The youngsters who doesn't know that there's a Law in Israel bounces around in a limbo where there is no force of gravity. If you think he's happy you're crazy."

THE time has come to dust off the rule book. The game is unplayable if you're allowed two strikes or six, if you can use a bat or a cannon, and if some days you can have three men on third and other days there isn't any third base at all. We have to stop trying to make up our own rules.

And that goes for all of us. It's time to quit seeking learning without effort and wages without work. It's time we got mad about payola. We should ask the Lord's forgiveness for our inflated expense accounts, and quit pretending that goonery is a human right.

LADIES and gentlemen: do not let me overdraw the picture. This is still a great, powerful, vibrant, able, optimistic nation. Americans—our readers—do believe in themselves and in their country.

But there is rot, and there is blight, and there is cutting out and filling to be done if we, as the leaders of free men, are to survive the hammer blows which quite plainly are in store for us all.

We have reached the stomach-turning point. We have reached the point where we should re-examine the debilitating philosophy of permissiveness. Let us not be confused with the philosophy of liberty. The school system that permits our children to develop a quarter of their natural

talents is not a champion of our liberties. The healthy man who chooses to loaf on unemployment compensation is not a defender of human freedom. The playwright who would degrade us, the author who would profit from pandering to the worst that's in us, are no friends of ours.

It's time we hit the sawdust trail. It's time we revived the idea that there is such a thing as sin—just plain old willful sin. It is time we brought self-discipline back into style. And who has a greater responsibility at his hour than we—the gentlemen of the press.

SO I suggest:

LETS look at our educational institutions at the local level, and if Johnny can't read by the time he's ready to get married let's find out why.

LETS look at the distribution of public largesse, and if, far from alleviating human misery, it is producing the sloth and irresponsibility that intensifies it, let's get it fixed.

LETS quit being bulldozed and bedazzled by self-appointed longhairs. Let's have the guts to say that a book is dirt if that's what we think of it, or that a painting may be a damn if the judges unwittily hang it upside down. And if some beatnik welds together a collection of rusty cogwheels and old corset stays and claims it's a greater sculpture than Michelangelo's "David" let's have the courage to say that it looks like junk and may well be.

LETS blow the whistle on plays that would bring blushes to an American Legion stag party. Let's not be awed by movie characters with barytonal moods even if some of them have been photographed climbing aboard the Presidential yacht. Let us pay more attention in our news columns to the decent people everywhere who are trying to do something for the good of others.

IN short, let's cover up the cesspool and start planting some flowers.

WELL, that's the jeremiad. I never dreamed I'd go around sounding like an advance man for Carry Nation. On some people I still think bikinis look fine.

But I am fed up to here with the educationists and pseudo-social scientists who have underrated our potential as a people.

I am fed up to here with the medicine men who try to pass off pretense for art, and prurience for literature.

I am tired of seeing America debased in the eyes of foreigners.

And I am genuinely disturbed that to idealistic youth in many countries the fraud of Communism appears synonymous with morality, while we, the chief repository of real freedom, are regarded as being in the last stages of decay.

WE can learn a lesson from history. Twice before our British cousins appeared to be heading into a collapse of principle, and twice they drew themselves back. The British court reached an advanced stage of corruption under the Stuarts. But the people rebelled. And in the wild days of George IV and William IV it looked as though Britain were rotting out again. But the people banged through the reform laws, and under Victoria went on to the peak of their power.

In this hour of misbehavior, self-indulgence and self-doubt let this be the story of America. Unless I misread the signs a great number of our people are ready. Let there be a fresh breeze, a breeze of new pride, new idealism, new integrity.

And here, gentlemen, is where we come.

We have typewriters.

We have presses.

We have a huge audience.

How about raising hell?